

HIS PATRIOTIC PILGRIMAGE.

By Margaret Pulling.

Maxwell Johnson had a theory about the Fourth of July. His theory was that, as the Fourth is the National Holiday by excellence, it is the business of a good American on that day to see as much of the nation as possible.

"If you stay in one place," he said, "even if it be the most thickly populated center in the country, you don't see much of the American people—get no variety, you know. What I want to do is to see lots of Americans of different sorts and watch how they keep the feast."

"Well, then," replied his friend and fellow clerk, with whom he was discussing the matter, "the best thing you can do, according to your theory, is to get on an express train and ride as far as you can for your money between midnight and midnight."

"Nothing of the kind, my boy. Who celebrates on a train? By doing that you would only see a very few people—only your fellow passengers—and they would be only stewing, and fuming, and wishing they could be at home, letting off shooting crackers. No, sir. The bicycle is the thing. I tried it last year, and the result was—I should say the result would have been very satisfactory if a fool wagon driven in parade had run into at Middletown hadn't bent my pedal and compelled me to lay up all day for repairs. This time I'm going to start out early in the morning and keep a good lookout for wagons."

"Going to ride all day?" his friend asked in astonishment. "Won't you be played out by sunset? Who's going with you?"

"Played out? Not a bit. I'm going by myself, unless I happen to pick up some chance acquaintances on the road. I'm in great training, you know, and I can come back by rail from then on. That's to be my objective point—at night."

"Well, I want to hear how it works," said the other man, with a somewhat

bore through snow and ice a banner with the strange device—"not, of course, as regarded his surroundings, in which there was no indication of snow or ice; but in his general get-up, which was in strong contrast to all that is Alpine and pedestrian; but in the stern determination of his features."

Like a good and far-sighted general he had settled on his first halting place before he started. It was to be at a roadside inn twenty-five miles from his point of departure—quite far enough from home for him to begin to feed his patriotic soul with the sight of a Fourth of July morning spent differently from what it would be in the city. Here he stopped a little tired, very hungry, but in the best of spirits, at about nine o'clock. But as for rival celebrations—orations, village bands and the like—there was nothing of the kind to be seen there. The scene was exclusively one of wheels, wheelmen and wheelwomen.

While Johnson waited patiently for the mush and other eatables for which he had humbly petitioned a busy and haughty waitress, he looked about him upon the throng of his fellow-citizens, and his attention at once became fixed upon the couple which occupied the next table in front of him. He could not help noticing them, first, because they were very near and directly in the line of vision; secondly, because the girl was very pretty, having dark hair and small, delicate features; thirdly, because the man's hair struck him as being so nearly a match to the strawberry-blond and cream—especially the former—which they were eating together. Johnson made several reflections to himself on the subject of this man's hair and wished that he had had some one to talk to about it. In fact, he mentally noted, for future guidance, that these patriotic pilgrimages are much better made in company. He felt a longing to speak to somebody—the



"AND CARRIE MOORE WAS ONE."

skeptical intonation to his voice. "You must tell me all about it—if we're both alive next day."

Now, whether this doubt of Johnson's plan ever was satisfied, its merits or not is a matter apart from the story. What concerns us is whether Johnson himself had reason to be pleased with the working of his scheme. He started out in the early dawn of a typical July day. His wheel was polished and in good working order. His light tweed jacket was strapped behind the seat. As he rode at a good starting gait past some scattered groups of very young boys, who were up early with the intention of letting no minute of the day go by without its exposure, into a gossamer shirt bulged and fluttered gaily in the morning breeze, and the metal buckle of his leather belt glinted and winked in the first rays of his country's own sun.

So this pilgrim of patriotism rode forth through city streets and through suburban lanes, meeting many pleasure seekers, passing some who were going his way, passed by very few, but not entering into conversation with any. He looked like the youth "who

small-featured girl for choice—about that man's strawberry hair, and, as he had no one to talk to about it, the humor of the thing wrought upon him so that he had great difficulty in keeping himself from misbehaving by laughing aloud.

The worst of it was that before Johnson had got through his mush and milk it became evident that the flame-headed man suspected him of watching them. He spoke in whispers to the girl, who colored up and replied, apparently with indignation. The situation was becoming unpleasant. Johnson had not come forth to begin the national holiday by a fight with a red-headed, low citizen.

Naturally, just because he was trying not to seem interested in this couple, Johnson showed plainly that he could not keep his eyes off them. By what passed between the two he judged that the man wanted to get up and cover over and demand an explanation of his (Johnson's) rudeness, and that the girl was doing all she could to restrain her irascible escort. The result of the whispered dialogue between the two seemed to be that they determined to

PATRIOTISM PROSE AND VERSE.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

By Thomas J. Vivian.

O the Turner Hall—twas in days of peace—
Came the broad-eyed sons of Herrmann,
And the Verein bands, and the songs they sang,
Were all distinctively German.
The sweeping chorale of "Die Wacht am Rhein"
Went up in a roar harmonic,
And every singer of that Maennerchor
Seemed heart and soul Teutonic.

Through the brisk March winds—twas in days of peace—
Marched the green-sashed sons of Erin;
And the liltings to which their feet kept time
Were as Celtic as their bearing.
The shamrock's sprig gleamed on every breast,
Whether man or maid or matron,
While the flag of St. Patrick floated free,
The gonfalon of their patron.

To the picnic grounds—twas in days of peace—
Thronged the sons of Caribald;
The Captain's daughter was vivandiere—
La Bella Terese Grimsald.
There were canzonets in the Tuscan tongue
By squad and by battalion,
And the guiding spirit of the day's festa
Seemed in every way Italian.

Across the field—twas in days of war—
Raced three platoons at the double,
For they had to carry the rifle pits
Which blazed like hell on the bubble.
Twas Captain O'Flannagan led the charge,
While Corporal Schwanensueger
Trotted shoulder to shoulder up the slope
With Tagliaterra, the bugler.

No foreigners these—in the days of war—
No Italian flag above them!
No Irish song for a call to arms!
No German watchwords move them!
But Yankees all in the face of a foe,
And they storm the earthworks gory,
With "Yankee Doodle" their rallying song
And their sabbing flag Old Glory.



Through the brisk March winds—twas in days of peace—
Marched the green-sashed sons of Erin;
And the liltings to which their feet kept time
Were as Celtic as their bearing.
The shamrock's sprig gleamed on every breast,
Whether man or maid or matron,
While the flag of St. Patrick floated free,
The gonfalon of their patron.

Across the field—twas in days of war—
Raced three platoons at the double,
For they had to carry the rifle pits
Which blazed like hell on the bubble.
Twas Captain O'Flannagan led the charge,
While Corporal Schwanensueger
Trotted shoulder to shoulder up the slope
With Tagliaterra, the bugler.

No foreigners these—in the days of war—
No Italian flag above them!
No Irish song for a call to arms!
No German watchwords move them!
But Yankees all in the face of a foe,
And they storm the earthworks gory,
With "Yankee Doodle" their rallying song
And their sabbing flag Old Glory.

Across the field—twas in days of war—
Raced three platoons at the double,
For they had to carry the rifle pits
Which blazed like hell on the bubble.
Twas Captain O'Flannagan led the charge,
While Corporal Schwanensueger
Trotted shoulder to shoulder up the slope
With Tagliaterra, the bugler.

No foreigners these—in the days of war—
No Italian flag above them!
No Irish song for a call to arms!
No German watchwords move them!
But Yankees all in the face of a foe,
And they storm the earthworks gory,
With "Yankee Doodle" their rallying song
And their sabbing flag Old Glory.

eat their breakfasts and get out of the place as quickly as possible. They certainly seemed to hurry over their eating, and when they got up from the table in front of him and picked their way out of the room, Johnson, though he could not help being sorry to lose sight of the girl, comforted himself with the thought that internecine strife on the national holiday had been avoided.

So far all was well. When Johnson came out on the broad porch of the inn to take his wheel and his departure he saw nothing of those two.

He allowed himself but little time for a moment's rest, but too up his pilgrimage quickly, forgetting the pretty girl and her blazing companion, but bent on seeing the country and the people as much as he could before sundown. In this mood he persevered over dusty roads all through two sweltering morning hours.

It was when he had painfully toiled to the top of a diabolical hill that he

The juvenile party outside were divided in their opinions as to whether the man had gone in his search. So Johnson and the girl made their way back to the fence corner where he had found her sitting in sorrow.

"But it's no use waiting here," said Johnson.

"I'm so thirsty," said the girl.

"Suppose we go back to the inn," Johnson suggested.

The girl made him tear a leaf from a pocket book, and on it she wrote, "We are gone back to the inn. Couldn't wait." And she signed it "C. M." which, she said, stood for Carrie Moore. Johnson thought that everything would be well after that. His patriotic pilgrimage had been once more cut short by fate, but, on the other hand, he had picked up one and as he hoped, another cheerful companion for his Fourth of July outing. But he overlooked the irascibility of the man who was scouring the country for a monkey wrench.



"THE GIRL WAS VERY PRETTY."

noticed what at first looked like a heap of summer dress material sitting on a prostrate bicycle near a post-and-rail fence. Coming nearer, Johnson saw that the object which had attracted his attention was a dejected girl, whose head was bowed between her hands, very much in the pose of abandoned Jerusalem in an allegorical painting.

"Oh, it's you!" said the girl, suddenly looking up at Johnson.

Strangely enough that was the very remark Johnson was making at the same moment, though not aloud. He had recognized the dark-haired girl at the inn.

"Can I be of any service to you?" he asked her, politely ignoring her exclamation.

"I think you ought," she said. "But I don't see how you can help me. It really was your fault."

"My fault?" Johnson asked, in surprise.

"Never mind," she made haste to add. "I oughtn't to have said that. He's gone to get a monkey wrench at that farmhouse. I suppose they haven't got one. He's been gone half an hour—oh, more than that—and I've been boiling here all this time."

"From what you say I suppose you must have loosened a bolt—"

"Yes, loosened a bolt. See there. It's that one. And I didn't bring my case along. And his monkey wrench was no good."

"I've got a monkey wrench," said Johnson, delightedly, unstrapping his own tool case.

It was not by any means a serious or complicated piece of repairing that Johnson had to do—a screw loose in the girl's pedal and, as he afterwards discovered, a nut to be tightened under the saddle. But when the repairing had been effected the question arose, which way ought they to go?

She decided that they ought to go down to the farmhouse and inquire for the gentleman who had called there for the loan of a monkey wrench.

"What, that red-headed dude?" a woman in a check apron asked, when they had run the gauntlet of a fire-cracker party of boys and girls and three fierce-looking dogs. "I don't know where he's gone off to. I told him my husband wasn't to come, and I didn't know where to put my hand on no monkey wrench."

Johnson and the whilom distressed damsel had no sooner seated themselves to suck lemonade through straws on the piazza of the inn than a solitary bicycle dashed up to the front steps. Its rider's hair was red, and so was his face. What he said, as he flew up the resounding wooden steps, need not be written down here. He was a quick-tempered man and had visited three farms in search of a monkey wrench, only to be derided by the occupants. To be brief, he struck Johnson.

The scene that followed was a disgrace to any Fourth of July. Nevertheless it attracted a crowd and, in the end, Johnson triumphed. The hotel keeper came quickly on the scene and decisively ejected Miss Carrie Moore's hot-tempered escort.

"Well," said Johnson's fellow clerk next day, "how did your patriotic peregrination come out? It seems you got a tumble."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Johnson, feeling a bump over his left eye. "I had a splendid time."

"Saw good many kinds of fellow citizens, eh?"

"Yes," said Johnson. "Next year I'm not going alone—going to make up a party."

Which he did. And Carrie Moore was one of the party.



The Youngest Member of the Family.

THE SONG OF THE CRACKER.

Three little crackers,
All lying in Johnnie's pocket.
Said the first little cracker unto the two other little crackers,
"If you don't get out I'll go off like a rocket!"

Three little crackers,
All lying in Johnnie's pocket,
Said the third little cracker, with a puff and a bang,
"I am off like a great sky rocket!"

two other little crackers,
"If you don't get out I'll go off like a rocket!"

Three little crackers,
All lying in Johnnie's pocket,
Said the third little cracker, with a puff and a bang,
"I am off like a great sky rocket!"

TOMMIE'S FOURTH OF JULY.

By Mabel F. Scofield.

Tommie had had a fine time this Fourth; at least he thought it had been fine, but perhaps a certain poor dog, a cat, a cow, several small children and a number of grown folks, all of whom he had annoyed with his tricks and fireworks that day would not have agreed with him.

It was late in the evening, and his day's sport was over. He lay on the soft, smooth lawn in front of his home, quietly watching the last fireworks of the day that were going off from all directions. He could see the giant rockets shoot up into the air and burst, throwing out the beautifully colored stars; he could see the rainbow showers of the Roman candles; he could watch the lighted balloons sail away into the air until they were specks no larger than the stars; he could hear the boom of cannon and the bang of giant crackers. As he lay on the grass watching the display he was living over again the fun he had had that day.

What sport it had been to tie that big bunch of fire crackers to that skinny, yellow dog's tail, then touch a match to it and run away at a safe distance and watch the poor dog run and jump and try to get away from the crackers when they went off with a bang! bang!

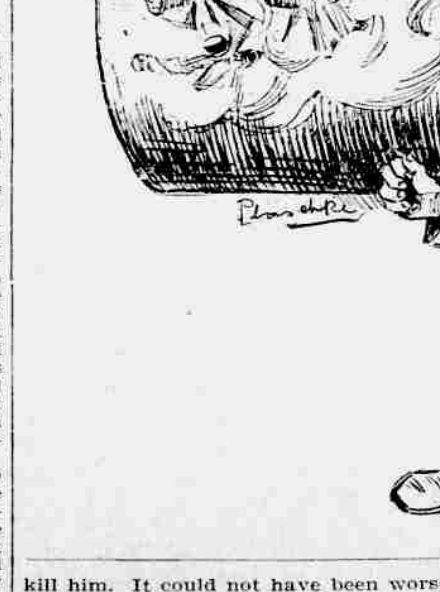
How funny it was to set off that immense cracker near the spot where old Bridle was placidly chewing her cud, then see her jump and tear around the pasture as if something were after her, and that it had been so funny to throw torpedoes at the feet of little children and see them cry with fright and run to the house.

How more what Tommie considered his tricks had he played, too numerous to mention, and to his shame he could come on old people, as well as children, and dumb animals, and how he had been great fun, and how he had been a little voice had

whispered he might have any amount of fun without being rude or cruel. He was lying so quietly that he had almost fallen asleep—at least his eyes were closed—but he opened them suddenly as he heard a heavy step near him, and, rubbing his eyes, he jumped up and found himself face to face with—yes, it was the same dog he had tormented, for there was that spot on his head and the left ear with a hole in it.

But the face seemed different, for instead of that half-starved, hungry look was one of triumphant joy and delight. On his back were some packages of oh, such immense crackers! These rolled off his back and then kept on rolling and rolling until they were right at Tommie's feet. Then they separated and stood all around him on all sides like soldiers in scarlet uniform. And how big they grew! As he looked at them they grew larger and larger each moment until they were as big as Tommie himself!

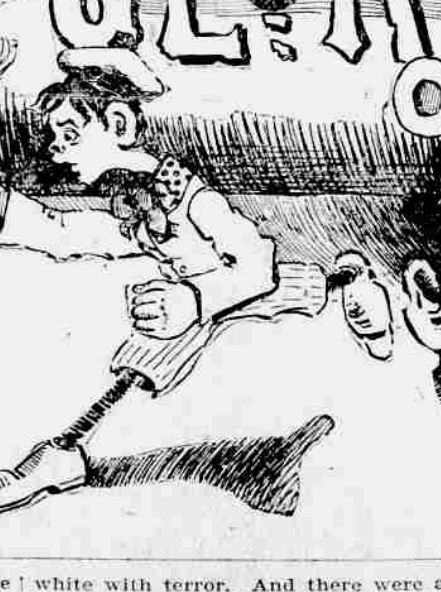
He was so frightened it seemed to him his heart stood still. And those hideous crackers seemed to all be grinning at him! He turned to run as the dog had done that morning, but a great big cracker jumped on his foot and held him. There was nothing to do but stay and await his fate.



Tommy looked around to see if anyone were near to help him, and at a safe distance away he saw some old people and little children, whose faces looked familiar, all laughing and having a good time, and a certain cat and cow were actually shaking with laughter and looking straight at him, while the dog seemed to enjoy it most of all.

Then a big cracker counted "One, two, three! Go!" And all of those crackers went off at once just where they stood.

Oh, what a deafening noise they made! It seemed to Tommy it would



kill him. It could not have been worse if a cannon had gone off in his ear! He thought they would not grin so if they knew how bad he felt. But then he had laughed that day, which now seemed so long ago, when he had given them such frights with his Fourth of July jokes. He now wondered how he could have done it. Things looked different, somehow, now.

But what was coming now? Some kind of a giant was approaching. As it came nearer Tommy saw it was a rocket, but of such a size he had never seen or even dreamed a rocket could be. Its top seemed to touch the clouds. It had a friendly look, Tommy



thought, so he tried to appear brave, and went up to it, though trembling with fear, and said, "Mr. Rocket, you can sail so far and high, could you take me away from here?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the rocket with a voice like thunder. "This morning you seemed perfectly delighted with this present company. Why do you wish to leave them now?"

Then seeing the look of terror and fright on Tommie's white face he said, "Well, yes, I'll take you. Come along."

Tommy seized the stick of the rocket, and held on as fast as he could. The yellow dog approached with a pleased

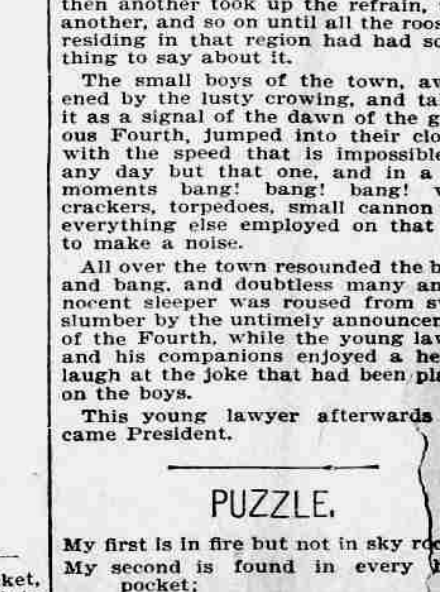


look on his face, touched off the rocket, and went up to it, though trembling with fear, and said, "Mr. Rocket, you can sail so far and high, could you take me away from here?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the rocket with a voice like thunder. "This morning you seemed perfectly delighted with this present company. Why do you wish to leave them now?"

Then seeing the look of terror and fright on Tommie's white face he said, "Well, yes, I'll take you. Come along."

Tommy seized the stick of the rocket, and held on as fast as he could. The yellow dog approached with a pleased



look on his face, touched off the rocket, and went up to it, though trembling with fear, and said, "Mr. Rocket, you can sail so far and high, could you take me away from here?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the rocket with a voice like thunder. "This morning you seemed perfectly delighted with this present company. Why do you wish to leave them now?"

Then seeing the look of terror and fright on Tommie's white face he said, "Well, yes, I'll take you. Come along."

Tommy seized the stick of the rocket, and held on as fast as he could. The yellow dog approached with a pleased

A FOURTH OF JULY JOKE.

It was a hot, close evening, the third of July, many years ago. A young lawyer and some friends were sitting outside of his office in Springfield, Ill., to get a breath of the evening air. They lounged about comfortably in their chairs, tipped them back against the wall of the building, and amused themselves talking on different subjects.

The conversation turned upon the crowing of cocks, and the young lawyer remarked that he could set all the cocks in the region about to crowing. So he gave a shrill, clear "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" In a second came a response from a rooster not far away, then another took up the refrain, then another, and so on until all the roosters residing in that region had had something to say about it.

The small boys of the town, awakened by the lusty crowing, and taking it as a signal of the dawn of the glorious Fourth, jumped into their clothes with the speed that is impossible on any day but that one, and in a few moments bang! bang! bang! went crackers, torpedoes, small cannon and everything else employed on that day to make a noise.

All over the town resounded the boom and bang, and doubtless many an innocent sleeper was roused from sweet slumber by the untimely announcement of the Fourth, while the young lawyer and his companions enjoyed a hearty laugh at the joke that had been played on the boys.

This young lawyer afterwards became President.

PUZZLE.

My first is in fire but not in sky rocket;
My second is found in every boy's pocket;
My third in burn you may describe;
My fourth in the torpedo spy;
My fifth in hurt, not scream, you see;
My sixth in wheel will always be;
My seventh in cannon, not in gun;
My eighth is always found in fun;
My ninth in jolly, not in sad;
My tenth in pleasure, not in ba;
My eleventh in Roman candle;
My twelfth in folly, then we're
The total is a time of jubilee;
Observed throughout our en